

# FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

## A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE

WILL BE THE ATTRACTION AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE ON FRIDAY, JANUARY 15.

Frank L. Perley Will Present Mr. Charles Dalton, the Eminent Actor, in a Dramatization of Stanley Weyman's Novel.

Keenly alive to the fact that the public at large are taking greater interest in things theatrical and, moreover, discriminate as to what sort of attractions they will patronize, so Mr. Frank L. Perley intends to give them what they want. With this aim in view, he has secured the services of Mr. Charles Dalton, an actor of unequalled merit, whose success in the role of Marcus Superbus in "The Sign of the Cross," is a matter of universal knowledge, to star in the huge dramatic success, "A Gentleman of France." As "Gaston De Marsac," Mr. Dalton finds himself fitted with a congenial part which gives him ample opportunity to demonstrate that as a romantic actor he has few, if any, equals.

In sword and gauntlet, he is the ideal "swash buckler," the hero of court chamber and the dueling field, strong and virile, yet with that captivating voice and smile that fits so well with his handsome face, he irresistibly carries his audience to heights of unthought of enthusiasm. The love interest enters largely into the construction of the play, and blending it with soft lights and shades into the thrilling situations of "the fight on the stair-case" makes "A Gentleman of France" a play that will long be remembered.

The time of the play is that golden age of romance and poetry in France which has furnished so many happy themes to poet and novelist. The locale admits of excellent exposition of the scenic artist's craft, full advantage of which has been taken by Mr. Perley. The cosumer has been allowed full play, and as a result, the production is unquestionably the best Mr. Perley has done throughout his long and successful career as a manager. Needless to say, the company surrounding Mr. Dalton are seasoned veterans, whose good work has been a matter of favorable comment in the biggest dramatic successes of the past five years. Mr. Dalton and his supporting company in "A Gentleman of France" will be the attraction at the Grand opera house on Friday, January 15.

### "THROUGH THE BREAKERS."

Owen Davis' sensational drama, "Through the Breakers," which will serve as the opening bill of the Will H. Myers Stock company at the Grand next Monday evening, is said to be one of the best plays of its class now before the public, having a record of over three hundred performances in England, and almost double that number in America. In a series of thrilling scenes and exciting situations are portrayed the efforts of the captain of a band of smugglers, who leads a double life, to marry



Will H. Myers.

his ward, an orphan heiress. Twice he attempts to kill the man to whom she is secretly married, and when all his diabolical attempts fail, he kidnaps the girl and carries her to the smugglers' cave. While here she succeeds in communicating with a passing ship, is rescued by means of a life buoy, carried aboard and re-united with her husband. The remarkable stage effects in the third and last acts are an achievement out of the ordinary. The smugglers' cave affords a picturesque setting, and the breakers, with the rolling white caps, on which the ship comes riding to the rescue of the heroine, are realistic in the extreme. "The Moonshiners" will be given Tuesday evening.

**WILL H. MYERS STOCK COMPANY.**  
The equipment of the Will H. Myers Stock company is new this season and has attained a higher grade of artistic excellence than heretofore. A complete production is carried for the four big scenic productions which they present, and no local scenery is used during the engagement. The engagement opens with Owen Davis' success, "Through the Breakers," a play for all classes. Ladies' tickets have been issued when they will be on sale Friday and sold until 6 p. m. Monday, as they are limited to 200 go early if you wish to be one of the lucky ones. Specialties of a high order will be given between the acts.

## "QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER"

Big Scenic Dramatization of Popular Novel of New England Life Come to Clarkburg, March 10.

The scenic equipment of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," which will be seen here March 10, 1904, at the Grand opera house, is very elaborate, and is built for the production. The managers of the play were determined that nothing should mar the genuineness of the country atmosphere, and no expense has been spared in the stage settings.

Many have asked, "Why is 'Quincy Adams Sawyer' called the best New England play ever written?" The answer has invariably been, "Because it's different from any other play of its class." "But why is it different?" "Oh, everything is so natural, the people are just like the people you see in the country, the scenery is just as real as anything," is the reply.

The husking-bee scene alone would win fame for the play. The real red ears, the real kisses, the real supper and the natural and humorous incidents attending the features have pleased immense audiences all over the country.

There is genuine comedy all through the play, and the few touches of pathos strike as true and convincing. The story is a simple and a sweet one, appealing to the heart. There is nothing in it approaching a villain or an adventuresome life, it is only a lovely, lovely picture of New England life, and as such it finds favor anywhere, in town or city. The play "leaves a good taste in the mouth" and that is, after all, what the people want.

### FAVORITE AGES OF WOMEN.

They Appear to Range Between Sixteen and Twenty-four Years.

It may seem strange that women have preferences for particular ages. An inspection of the census, however, leaves no room for doubt that certain years are preferred and certain other years disliked by the members of the gentler sex.

Of children fourteen years and under the number of boys is nearly 400,000 greater than the number of girls; at fifteen the boys are still 6,000 ahead of the girls; at sixteen the girls are 6,000 the more numerous, and each year thereafter until the twenty-four there is an excess of women over men. The favorite ages within these limits are eighteen and twenty. There are 24,000 more misses of eighteen than there are boys of that age, and the young ladies twenty years old exceed their masculine companions by 54,000. At twenty-four and twenty-five the numbers of the two sexes are nearly equal. Then the women begin to grow less with great rapidity. The most unpopular ages are thirty and forty. At the former age there is a difference of 78,000 between the two sexes; at the latter 83,000.

One peculiar circumstance is that there are more women twenty years old than there are girls of thirteen or fourteen or any age up to twenty. This fact conclusively demonstrates that twenty is a very healthy age. But if the younger ages are unhealthy, where did the increased number who are twenty years old come from? No women are born that old.

Only an unusually elastic theory can account for these peculiarities with becoming gallantry to the lovelier sex.—J. S. Gilman in Ladies' Home Journal.

### Rufus Choate Was Beaten.

As one of the very few occasions when the wit of Rufus Choate was foiled an incident is recalled when that brilliant lawyer was examining one Dick Barton, chief mate of the ship Challenge. Choate had cross examined him for over an hour, hurling questions with the speed of a rapid fire gun.

"Was there a moon that night?" "Yes, sir." "Did you see it?" "No, sir."

"Then how did you know there was a moon?"

"The 'Nautical Almanac' said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me in what latitude and longitude you crossed the equator."

"Ah, you are joking."

"No, sir. I am in earnest, and I desire an answer."

"That's more than I can give."

"Indeed, you a chief mate and unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes, the simplest question I ever was asked. I thought even a fool of a lawyer knew there's no latitude at the equator."—Success.

### Snake Killing Cuts of Cairo.

A native woman living in old Cairo was entering her house when to her great terror, she perceived a snake of formidable dimensions, which had taken possession of the hearth during the woman's absence. The woman fled, leaving the door open. Her cat then appeared on the scene, entered, saw the cobra, put up its back and tail, spat and otherwise manifested its hostility and in turn went out. A few minutes afterward it returned in company with a second cat. After a similar exhibition both went out and returned with a third, and similarly went away, returning finally with a fourth. Considering that sufficient force had been recruited to kill the snake, the four at once fell on the reptile, and after a short but fierce struggle the latter was literally torn to pieces.—Egyptian Gazette.

## THE BOY DISPOSES

By SARA LINDSAY COLEMAN

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Polly dug the heel of her smart little slipper into the earth and sent the hammock forward vigorously. There were only forty minutes of freedom left.

At 6, when the train came in, she meant to rise from the hammock, delicately cool in her swirl of white organdy, and give Mr. Howard the softest and prettiest of "yeses."

Visions of a quail and Doucet creations swam before her mistily. It would be a pleasant life. She would ride, drive, golf, yacht, be an arbiter of fashions, an organizer of charities, a patroness of balls. In the spring there would be little jaunts to London and Paris. Polly pillowed her head on her arms and watched herself, all billowy satin and diamond sunbursts, float up the aisle to the beating of drums, the flutter of flags, the envy of bridesmaids.

"Dear," said a voice, breaking into her reverie. "I think you mean to say yes when Mr. Howard comes up this afternoon, and I want to tell you that I am pleased. He will be very kind; you will have everything and go everywhere. I loved your father, but the world didn't call it a good match. You know what my struggles have been to keep up appearances, and you have made a sensible decision." Polly's mother slipped away.

The dear 500 friends believed Polly to be a little unnerved by the winter gaieties. Polly knew that she was summing at the mountain hotel because it was convenient for Mr. Howard to run up and stay over Sundays.

"The time has come," said Polly, quoting the Walrus, "and some of us are out of breath." She almost decided to meet Mr. Howard at the foot of the hill. His breathlessness would be purely physical, but for her sake he had climbed the hill on a good many Saturday afternoons. Polly looked at the shining steel rails below her. There were thirty minutes left now. She told herself that she was well content and then shivered unaccountably. It was the ridiculous Walrus and Carpenter story; it was the memory of the fate of



HIS DIRTY HANDS CLUTCHED A BOX THAT POLLY KNEW.

the poor little oysters, the poor little oysters who thought they were in for such a frolic.

"I say, Sis," yelled Tommy from the hotel steps (Tommy was the despair of his family), "when you marry old Howard you'll set me up to peach cream every day, won't you?"

Polly sat up, very angry. "Come to me this moment, Tommy Baker," she called.

It pleased Tommy to obey. He stood before her with the wickedest of grins upon his freckled face. His dirty hands clutched a box that Polly knew—how well she knew it!

"I thought you wouldn't need campaign trophies now," he said. "I'm going to give 'em to the fellows that's got girls. I ain't got no girl."

Polly bent forward with a smile that even Tommy could not resist. He opened the little old treasure box, emptied its contents into her lap and beat a retreat.

Polly looked at the little heap. They were far from campaign trophies. Her lips twitched at sight of a rude little heart carved from a peach stone. Such a tiny thing to sweep the past wide open! Below the heart was a cheap, worn copy of "Lucile." There had been other and costlier "Luciles," but never another like that.

At the faint whistle of an approaching engine Polly shivered again. Her mother said Mr. Howard would be very kind, but she wasn't aching for kindness.

"Polly," said a voice at her elbow, "aren't you going to run down the hill to meet him?"

Polly flung a part of her voluminous frock over her lap. She leaned to the little catch in her voice, and said, "No! I'm kissing myself goodby."

The man looked down at the girl admiringly. "You're a thoroughbred," he said.

"Where's your heiress?" asked Polly. "Why are you not with her?"

"She isn't mine, Polly. The evil hour has been put off. The heiress has hurt her foot and is too nervous to be proposed to. You've got five minutes left to you. Life hasn't been nice to us, Polly, but we are not vanquished. You'll look like a beautiful birthday cake—all white and glittery. I'll do a cakewalk up the aisle."

Polly got her lips into a smile. The train came in. It puffed and snorted as it climbed, and the little hills rumbled and grumbled in answer. The man looked down at the quiet figure and stooped and touched the

### EVERY BOTTLE OF CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY WARRANTED.

We guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for all croup, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. For sale by Stone & Mercer, druggists.

**Colchester's Oyster Feast.**  
Famous indeed is the Colchester oyster feast, and to be invited is considered the highest compliment the town can confer not only from the importance of the function, but because at that meal is an unlimited supply of the finest obtainable natives, of which some sacks are consumed. Even from the times of the Romans these oysters have been celebrated, says the London Chronicle. Exclusive rights to the oyster fisheries were granted to the town under a charter of Richard I., and in the reign of Elizabeth horse loads of oysters were accepted as gifts by the courtiers of the time. Massinger's Justice Greedy commences his day with "a barrel of Colchester oysters," a statement that shows how altered are the customs of today.

**Who Nero Was.**  
In the days when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was a leading figure in Victorian politics there sat in the Melbourne parliament a wealthy but not well informed butcher. The chief secretary of the day was deprecating the attitude of the leader of the opposition, whose conduct was, he declared, worse than Nero's.

"Who was Nero?" interjected the knight of the cleaver, with equal scorn and sincerity.

"Who was Nero?" replied the delighted chief secretary. "The honorable gentleman ought to know. Nero was a celebrated Roman butcher."—London M. A. P.

**Croup.**  
The peculiar cough which indicates croup is usually well known to the mothers of croupy children. No time should be lost in the treatment of it, and for this purpose no medicine has received more universal approval than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Do not waste valuable time in experimenting with untried remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended, but give this medicine as directed and all symptoms of croup will quickly disappear. For sale by Stone & Mercer, druggists.

**Lead Pencil Wood.**  
The cedar used in the manufacture of pencils in this country is that which grows in Florida, the common red cedar with shreddy bark and aromatic heartwood. The wood is shipped from Florida in small slabs, a little longer than a pencil, a little wider than four or six pencils placed side by side and of proper thickness.

The cedar case of a pencil is made in halves, each half being equally channelled, so that the place where they join comes against the center of the lead.

First we have the slab of wood as it is shipped from Florida. This slab is passed under a rotary cutter, which planes the surface perfectly flat and smooth and at the same time grooves it to receive six leads. These leads are now laid in the grooves of one of these slabs, and another slab, similarly planed and grooved, is spread with glue and laid upon it. The two thus put together are placed in a press and when perfectly dry are taken out and passed twice under a grooved rotary cutter, first on one side, rounding one half of the pencil, and then on the other, finishing the rounding of the whole pencil and separating one from the other at the same time.

These single pencils are then passed through other machines which polish, varnish, stamp and put them in cases, ready for delivery to the trade.

**The School of Experience.**  
"Daughter, you ought not to wear those high heeled shoes. They will make corns on your feet."

"How do you know, mamma?"

"By experience. I used to wear them when I was a girl."

"Did grandma tell you they would make corns on your feet if you wore them?"

"Yes."

"How did she know?"

"She found out by experience, just as I did."

"Hadin't she any mamma to warn her against wearing them?"

"Oh, yes."

"But she wore them just the same?"

"To be sure."

"And you did too?"

"Yes. That is what I was telling you."

"Well, if I ever have any daughters I ought to be able to give them a warning against high heeled shoes from my own experience, oughtn't I?"—Chicago Tribune.

**Such Fun.**  
"So you are really engaged, dear?" said Elsie gushingly to her particular friend Madee.

"Yes, dear," was the blushing reply. "I'm really engaged at last."

"And to that stern, stolid looking fellow, Alec Wilson?"

"Oh, yes, dear," replied her friend quickly. "He often says that after we are married he means to manage the house, look after my personal expenditure as well as his own and, in fact, have his own way in everything."

"Good gracious! And you seriously tell me you mean to marry a man like that?" cried Elsie in astonishment.

"Oh, yes, dear. I wouldn't give up the idea on any account. You see, it will be such fun to show him how absurd such ideas are, won't it?"

The speaker smiled a wicked smile, which the happy Alec ought to have seen, but luckily didn't.

**Incompatibility.**  
A man and his wife called at a lawyer's office to talk about a divorce.

"Judge," the wife said, "I had only 75 cents to live on last month."

Whereupon the husband replied angrily: "That's a falsehood; she had \$80."

Then the wife said, "Judge, that's as near as we ever agree." And the judge said they might as well get a divorce if that was the best they could do.—Atchison Globe.

### Every Bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Warranted.

We guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to anyone who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for all croup, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. For sale by Stone & Mercer, druggists.

**Colchester's Oyster Feast.**  
Famous indeed is the Colchester oyster feast, and to be invited is considered the highest compliment the town can confer not only from the importance of the function, but because at that meal is an unlimited supply of the finest obtainable natives, of which some sacks are consumed. Even from the times of the Romans these oysters have been celebrated, says the London Chronicle. Exclusive rights to the oyster fisheries were granted to the town under a charter of Richard I., and in the reign of Elizabeth horse loads of oysters were accepted as gifts by the courtiers of the time. Massinger's Justice Greedy commences his day with "a barrel of Colchester oysters," a statement that shows how altered are the customs of today.

**Who Nero Was.**  
In the days when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was a leading figure in Victorian politics there sat in the Melbourne parliament a wealthy but not well informed butcher. The chief secretary of the day was deprecating the attitude of the leader of the opposition, whose conduct was, he declared, worse than Nero's.

"Who was Nero?" interjected the knight of the cleaver, with equal scorn and sincerity.

"Who was Nero?" replied the delighted chief secretary. "The honorable gentleman ought to know. Nero was a celebrated Roman butcher."—London M. A. P.

**Croup.**  
The peculiar cough which indicates croup is usually well known to the mothers of croupy children. No time should be lost in the treatment of it, and for this purpose no medicine has received more universal approval than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Do not waste valuable time in experimenting with untried remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended, but give this medicine as directed and all symptoms of croup will quickly disappear. For sale by Stone & Mercer, druggists.

**Lead Pencil Wood.**  
The cedar used in the manufacture of pencils in this country is that which grows in Florida, the common red cedar with shreddy bark and aromatic heartwood. The wood is shipped from Florida in small slabs, a little longer than a pencil, a little wider than four or six pencils placed side by side and of proper thickness.

The cedar case of a pencil is made in halves, each half being equally channelled, so that the place where they join comes against the center of the lead.

First we have the slab of wood as it is shipped from Florida. This slab is passed under a rotary cutter, which planes the surface perfectly flat and smooth and at the same time grooves it to receive six leads. These leads are now laid in the grooves of one of these slabs, and another slab, similarly planed and grooved, is spread with glue and laid upon it. The two thus put together are placed in a press and when perfectly dry are taken out and passed twice under a grooved rotary cutter, first on one side, rounding one half of the pencil, and then on the other, finishing the rounding of the whole pencil and separating one from the other at the same time.

These single pencils are then passed through other machines which polish, varnish, stamp and put them in cases, ready for delivery to the trade.

**The School of Experience.**  
"Daughter, you ought not to wear those high heeled shoes. They will make corns on your feet."

"How do you know, mamma?"

"By experience. I used to wear them when I was a girl."

"Did grandma tell you they would make corns on your feet if you wore them?"

"Yes."

"How did she know?"

"She found out by experience, just as I did."

"Hadin't she any mamma to warn her against wearing them?"

"Oh, yes."

"But she wore them just the same?"

"To be sure."

"And you did too?"

"Yes. That is what I was telling you."

"Well, if I ever have any daughters I ought to be able to give them a warning against high heeled shoes from my own experience, oughtn't I?"—Chicago Tribune.

**Such Fun.**  
"So you are really engaged, dear?" said Elsie gushingly to her particular friend Madee.

"Yes, dear," was the blushing reply. "I'm really engaged at last."

"And to that stern, stolid looking fellow, Alec Wilson?"

"Oh, yes, dear," replied her friend quickly. "He often says that after we are married he means to manage the house, look after my personal expenditure as well as his own and, in fact, have his own way in everything."

"Good gracious! And you seriously tell me you mean to marry a man like that?" cried Elsie in astonishment.

"Oh, yes, dear. I wouldn't give up the idea on any account. You see, it will be such fun to show him how absurd such ideas are, won't it?"

The speaker smiled a wicked smile, which the happy Alec ought to have seen, but luckily didn't.

**Incompatibility.**  
A man and his wife called at a lawyer's office to talk about a divorce.

"Judge," the wife said, "I had only 75 cents to live on last month."

Whereupon the husband replied angrily: "That's a falsehood; she had \$80."

Then the wife said, "Judge, that's as near as we ever agree." And the judge said they might as well get a divorce if that was the best they could do.—Atchison Globe.

**A Darling Man.**  
"He's the kind of a man who courts danger, I understand."

"Well, I should say so. Why, he does not hesitate to open a flirtation with any young widow he meets."—Chicago Post.

**Energy will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will take a man without it.**—Goethe.

### WM. TELL FLOUR GUARANTEED BEST.

Perished in Pursuit of Prey.  
Among the curiosities of the Northampton (England) museum there is none more interesting than a glass case containing a smoked cat. In her lifetime puss was a respected resident in a hotel in the town and certainly paid for her keep by proficiency in mousing. One day, however, she disappeared—was searched for, lamented, forgotten—till years after a workman repairing a chimney in the hotel threw a sudden light on the mystery of her fate. She was discovered standing in an angle of the brickwork just as she now appears in the glass case, and clinched in each front paw was a smoked, dried mouse. Flying for their lives up the broad chimney, the mouse had led the way not only to death, but to unexpected immortality.

**Sure Cure For Piles.**  
Itching piles produce moisture and cause itching, this form, as well as blind, bleeding or protruding piles, are cured by Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. 50c a jar, at druggists, or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. Dr. Bosanko, Phila., Pa. For sale by Stone & Mercer, druggists.

**Foley's Honey and Tar.**  
Cures Coughs, Prevents Pneumonia. For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

**Topsy's Full Name.**  
"Mamma, what is Topsy's other name?"

"Topsy in the play? I don't know, dear. I guess she hasn't any other. It's just Topsy, that's all."

"Oh, she has another name. I heard papa speak of it yesterday, but I can't think of it now. Oh, yes, I remember. It's Topsy Turvy!"—Kansas City Journal.

**A Biased Opinion.**  
She—I think it's so silly of lovers to quarrel.

He—Yes, the making up is so expensive.—Brooklyn Life.

**Free Cure for Sick Headache.**  
Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are a certain cure for sick headache. If taken as soon as the first indication of the disease appears they will prevent the attack. Get a free sample at Stone & Mercer's drug store and give them a trial.

**Valued Competitor.**  
Emeline—Sara is my greatest consolation in life.

Elizabeth—Why?

Emeline—Everybody says she talks more than I do.—Detroit Free Press.

**Customary Notice.**  
"Are the races coming to town?"

"I don't know," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "My husband hasn't yet said anything about our having to economize."—Washington Star.

**Foley's Kidney Cure.**  
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right. For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

**WATER CONSUMERS.**  
Water rents for quarter ending December 31, 1903, are now due and payable at the office of the city clerk, 309 Court street.

**HUGH CALLAGHAN,**  
dec28-dlm W. W. Com.

**Sweet Melody Flour.**

**Foley's Honey and Tar.**  
stops the cough and heals the lungs. For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

**SWEET MELODY FLOUR**

Now is the time to get a hat at a great bargain. Everything at cost. Elizabeth Coffman. j11-dtf

**SWEET MELODY FLOUR**

Public dancing at the Elkridge dance hall every Tuesday and Friday nights. Admission to gentlemen 50 cents, and to ladies 25 cents. Music by the Peerless piano player. oct16tf

**Sweet Melody Flour.**

Dr. E. B. Harper, veterinarian, will treat your sick animal. Operating a specialty. Charges reasonable. Office 211 Pike street. apr28tf

**Sweet Melody Flour.**

If you need any harness for your teams, no matter of what kind, you will find it always on hand at Paynolds, Main street. He keeps an up-to-date harness establishment. s-30

**Sweet Melody Flour.**

Selling everything at cost. Going out of business. Elizabeth Coffman. j11-dtf

**Sweet Melody Flour.**

Have your eyes examined and spectacles accurately fitted by Dr. Hardman, oculist and optician. Forbye building. jan10-04-ly

**Sweet Melody Flour.**

In every home where there is a place there should be a piano player. There is no better than the Harmonic. Sold by the Thomson Music Company, Rm. Bridge building. feb-18-04

All persons having any of our ice cream freezers, please notify us at the store or by mail. We will call and get them. Respectfully, J. T. Swager. sep8tf

## Sweet Melody Flour